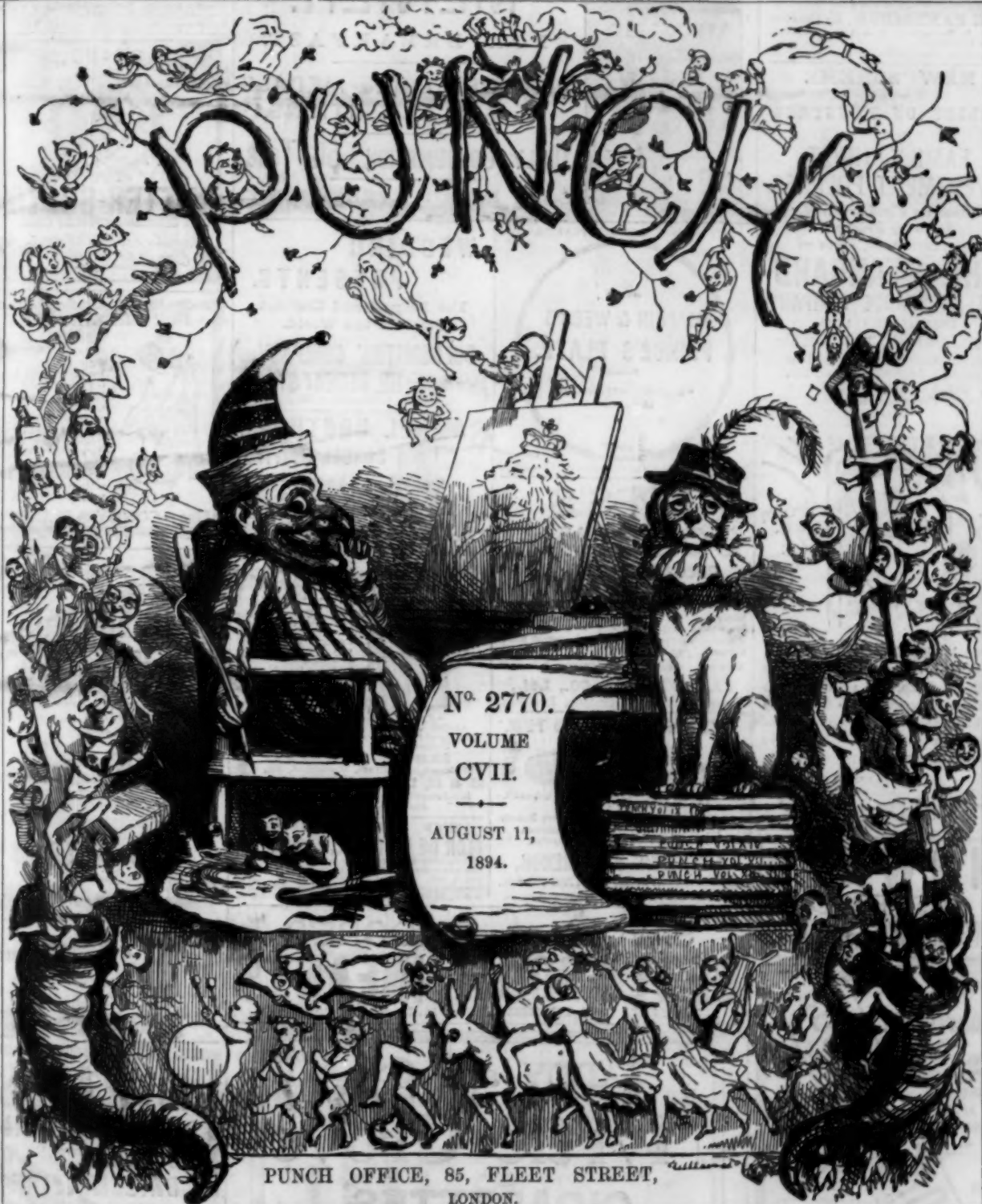


GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARCATE.
HOTEL METROPOLE AND
CLARENCE ROOMS } BRIGHTON.

THE CORDON HOTELS ARE

HOTEL METROPOLE } LONDON.
AND
WHITEHALL ROOMS
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.
ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTE - Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

FUR AND FEATHER SERIES—New Volume.
 Edited by A. E. T. WATSON.
THE GROUSE NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson.
SHOOTING, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley. COOKERY, by George S. B. B. With 12 Illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley and A. Thorburn, and various Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 1s.
 Recently Published. With 12 Illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, &c., and various Diagrams. 8vo, 1s.
THE PARTRIDGE. By the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, A. J. Stuart-Wortley, George S. B. B. &c.
 London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

NEW SCHEME
 FOR THE
RELIEF OF TRUSTEES.

FAMILY TRUST INVESTMENT POLICIES,
Securing a Fixed Income for Surviving Relatives.

FOR PARTICULARS, APPLY TO
THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
 ESTABLISHED 1825.
 Accumulated Funds, 7½ Millions Stg.
 EDINBURGH, 3, George Street (Head Office).
 LONDON, 58, King William Street, E.C.
 " 3, Pall Mall East, S.W.
 DUBLIN, 66, Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.



PIMPLES
 Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, prevented by Cuticura Soap, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. The only preventive of pimples, because the only preventive of inflammation of the pores.

Sold everywhere. Price 1/- F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London, E.C.
 "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," 72 pages, free.

HOWARD BEDFORD STEEL SHEAF BINDERS

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION.
 ALSO FOR THE NURSERY, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING, &c.
POUDRE D'AMOUR, Prepared by P. J. P. & Co., Parfumeurs, 12, rue de la Harpe, Paris.
 Price 1s. In Three Tints: Blanche, Naturelle, and Rose.
 To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.
 Wholesale, R. H. HENDERSON & SONS, 1, Rensselaer Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.



CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."



EPPS'S COCOAINE.
 COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.
 (TEA-LIKE.)

A thin beverage of full flavour now with many beneficially taking the place of tea. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS BY GROCERS, LABELLED:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
 Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

THE SMALL HINDOO PEN.
 (JUST OUT.)



With oblique point, in three grades, 1, 2, and 3, to fit ordinary Penholder.

"The Hindoo Pen is inimitable."—*Navvy Reporter*.
 6d. and 1s. per Box, at all Stationers.
 Sample Box of all kinds, 1s. 1d. by Post.

MAGNIVEN & CAMERON,
 Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.
 Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

SAVORY and MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS
 USED IN THE TOTAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 6s., and 10s., everywhere.

TADDY and COY.'S Myrtle Grove CIGARETTES.
 SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in the World.

COLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
 Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.
 (ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
 SCHOOL OUTFITS.



Meas. SAMUEL BROTHERS respectfully invite an inspection of their Showrooms by Parents and Guardians who are desirous of outfitting their Juvenile charges for any of the Public or Private Colleges, Schools, &c. The requirements of Youth and Boys have for very many years engaged the closest attention of Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS, with the result that this important Department of their business has attained very large dimensions; so that every want in Ruffs, Overcoats, Hosiery, Boots, &c., is fully met, and durable qualities ensured.

PATTERNS AND CATALOGUE free on application.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
 MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
 Workshops: Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill; and 46, Gray's Inn Road.

TO SMOKERS.
FLOR DE DINDICUL, a medium mild of exquisite flavour and aroma. "Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havana."—*W. & A.*, Dec. 9, 1891. Boxes of 100, 22s. and 25s. (two sizes). Samples (4 and 5), 1s., post free 12 stamps. NEW LAY, 49 & 51, Strand, & 161, Chesapeake, London. Est. 1790.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES by the steamships GABONNE, 3,600 tons register, and LUNATIA, 3,672 tons register, leaving London as under:—For **KOW-WAY** and **COPENHAGEN**, calling some of the finest Ports, 22nd Aug. for 21 days, calling at Granton 23rd Aug. For the **MEDITERRANEAN**, from London, 17th September for 35 days. String band, electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green and Co., and Anderson, London, and Co. Head Office, 1, Leadenhall Avenue, London. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 14, Cockspur St., S.W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S BUTTER-SCOTCH
 (The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
Really wholesome Confectionery.
 Lancet

FOR TENDER FEET
 Persons subject to tender feet will find instant relief by bathing in **CONDY'S FLUID** (diluted). Of all Chemists, 8 oz. 1/-, 20 oz. 2/-. Full bathing directions (free) from **CONDY'S FLUID WORKS**, Turnmill Street, London, E.C. Insist on having "CONDY'S FLUID."
 Use "CONDY'S FLUID."

SQUIRE'S FOR CHEMICAL DELICATE CHILDREN'S FOOD.
 In Bottles, 2s., 3s., 6d., & 6s. each.
 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, and of

SQUIRE & SONS,
 Her Majesty's Chemists,
 415, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

COLT'S NEW UNITED STATES ARMY & NAVY REVOLVER
 for House Protection, Travellers, and for Military Purposes, takes Eley's 36 cal. Express and all other 36 cal. Pistol Cartridges.
COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.
 1 of Large and Small Game, Hook shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.
COLT'S REVOLVERS
 are used all over the World. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,
 25, Gresham St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.
 Agents for the Province:—
R. HUGHES & SONS, Birmingham.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
 Nourishes and Preserves the Hair, makes it Soft and Silky, and is the Best
BRILLIANTINE
 being not too greasy or drying; specially suited for Ladies' and Children's Hair; bottles, 2s., 6d., 7s., 10s., 6d.
ODONTO Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, sweetens the Breath. Sold everywhere.

LORD ORMONT'S MATE AND MATEY'S AMINTA.

By G***GE M'R'D*TH.

VOLUME III.

AND now the climax comes not with tongue-lolling sheep-fleece wolves, ears on top remorselessly pricked for slaughter of the bleating imitated lamb, here a fang pointing to nethermost pit not of stomach but of Acheron, tail waving in derision of wool-bearers whom the double-rowed desiring mouth soon shall grip, food for mamma-wolf and baby-wolf, papa-wolf looking on, licking chaps expectant of what shall remain; and up goes the clamour of flocks over the country-side, and up goes howling of shepherds shamefully tricked by Escop-fable artifice or doggish dereliction of primary duty; for a watch has been set through which the wolf-enemy broke paws on the prowl; and the King feels this, and the Government, a slab-faced jubber-mubber of contending punies, party-voters to the front, conscience lagging how far behind no man can tell, and the country forgotten, a lout dragging his chaw-bacon hobnails like a flask-fed snail housed safely, he thinks, in unbreakable shell soon to be broken, and no man's fault, while the slow country sinks to the enemy, ships bursting, guns jammed, and a dull shadow of defeat on a war-office drifting to the tide-way of unimagined back-stops on a lumpy cricket-field of national interests. But this was a climax revealed to the world. The Earl was deaf to it. Lady CHARLOTTE dumbled it surprisingly. Change the spelling, put a for u and n for b in the dumbled, and you have the way MORSEFIELD mouthed it, and MATEY swimming with BROWNLY full in the Harwich tide; head under heels up down they go in Old Ocean, a glutton of such embraces, lapping softly on a pair of white ducks tar-stained that very morning and no mistake.

"I have you fast!" cried MATEY.

"Two and two's four," said BROWNLY. She slipped. "Are four," corrected he, a tutor at all times, boys and girls taken in and done for, and no change given at the turnstiles.

"Catch as catch can," was her next word. Plop went a wave full in the rosy mouth. "Where's the catch of this?" stuttered the man.

"A pun, a pun!" bellowed the lady. "But not by four-in-hand from London."

She had him there. He smiled a blue acquiescence. So they landed, and the die was cast, ducks changed, and the goose-pair braving it in dry clothes by the kitchen fire. There was nothing else to be done; for the answer confessed to a dislike of immersions two at a time, and the hair clammy with salt like cottage-bacon on a breakfast-table.

LORD ORMONT sat with the jewels seized from the debating, unbeaten sister's grasp.

"She is at Marlow," he opined.

"Was," put in Lady CHARLOTTE.

The answer blew him for memory.

"MORSEFIELD's dead," his lordship ventured; "jobbed by a fool with button off."

"And a good job too."

Lady CHARLOTTE was ever on the crest-wave of the moment's humour. He snickered a back-stroke to the limits, shaking the sparse hair of repentance to the wind of her jest. But the unabashed one continued.

"I'll not call on her."

"You shall," said he.

"Shan't," was her lightning-parry.

"You shall," he persisted.

"Never. Her head is a water-flower that speaks at ease in the open sea. How call on a woman with a head like that?"

The shock struck him fair and square.

"We wait," he said, and the conflict closed with advantage to the petticoat.

A footman bore a letter. His step was of the footman order, calves stuffed to a longed-for bulbousness, food for donkeys if any such should chance: he presented it.

"I wait," he murmured.

"Whence and whither comes it?"

"Postmark may tell."

"Best open it," said the cavalry general, ever on the dash for open country where squadrons may deploy right shoulders up, serre-files in rear, and a hideous clatter of serjeant-majors spread over all. He opened it. It was AMINTA's letter. She announced a French leave-taking. The footman still stood. LORD ORMONT broke the silence.

"Go and be—" the words quivered into completion, supply the blank who will.

But her punishment was certain. For it must be thus. Never a lady left her wedded husband, but she must needs find herself weighted with charge of his grand-nephew. Cuckoo-tutor sits in



NO END TO HIS INIQUITIES.

(From a Yorkshire Moor.)

Sportsman (awaiting the morrow, and meeting Keeper as he strolls round). "WELL, RODGERS, THINGS LOOK FAIRLY HOPEFUL FOR TO-MORROW, EH?" "WELL, SIR, MIDLIN', PRETTY MIDLIN'. BUT, OH DEAR, IT'S AWK'ARD THIS 'ERE TWELFTH BEIN' FIXED OF A SUNDAY!" (With much wisdom.) "NOW, MIGHT MR. GLADSTONE HA' HAD HANYTHING TO DO WI' THAT ARRANGEMENT, SIR?"

General's nest, General's wife to bear him company, and lo! the General brings a grand-nephew to the supplanter, convinced of nobility beyond petty conventions of divorce-court rigmarole. So the world wags wilful to the offshoot, lawn-mowers grating, grass flying, and perspiring gardener slow in his shirt-sleeves primed with hope of beer that shall line his lean ribs at supper-time, nine o'clock is it, or eight—parishes vary, and a wife at home has rules. A year later he wrote—

"SIR,—Another novel is on hand. Likely you will purchase. Readers gape for it. Better than acrostics, they say, fit for fifty puzzle-pages. What price?"

G***GE M'R'D*TH.

THE END.

THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

(From a Record in the Far East.)

Step One.—The nation takes to learning the English language.
Step Two.—Having learned the English language, the nation begins to read British newspapers.
Step Three.—Having mastered the meaning of the leaders, the nation start a Parliament.
Step Four.—Having got a Parliament, the nation establishes school boards, railways, stockbrokers, and penny ices.
Step Five.—Having become fairly civilised, the nation takes up art and commerce.
Step Six.—Having realised considerable wealth, the nation purchases any amount of ironclads, heavy ordnance, and ammunition.
Step Seven.—Having the means within reach, the nation indulges in a terrific war.
Step Eight and Last.—Having lost everything, the nation returns with a sigh of relief to old-fashioned barbarism.



THE TRIUMPH OF CIVILISATION!



A HINT TO THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF GOOD-LOOKING AND ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MEN IN CLEARING THE LETTER-BOXES UNDOUBTEDLY RESULTS IN FREQUENT DETENTION OF THE MAILS.

EASTWARD HO!

"On East is East, and West is West," says strenuous RUDYARD KIPLING, And what has the West taught to the East, save the science of war, and tippling? To ram, and to torpedo, and to drain Drink's poisoned flagons? [plated Dragons! And Civilisation sees her work in—armour—The saurians of primeval slime they fought with tooth and claw, And SHO-KI's dragon, though possessed of wondrous powers of jaw, And MIOCHIN's scaly monster, whereat SHO-KI's pluck might melt, And the dragon speared by stout St. George in the bold cartoons of SKELT,— These were but simple monsters, like the giants slain by JACK, But your dragon cased in armour-plate with turrets on his back, [and horrid tail. And a charged torpedo twisted in his huge Is a thing to stagger Science, and to make poor Peace turn pale!

Yes, East is East, and West is West; but the West looks on the East, And sees the bold Jap summoning to War's wild raven-feast The saffron-faced Celestial; and the game they're going to play (With a touch of Eastern goriness) in the wicked Western way. For the yellow-man has borrowed from the white-man all that's bad, [Ironclad. From shoddy and fire-water, to the costly He will not have our Bibles, but he welcomes our Big Guns, And he blends with the wild savagery of Vandals, Goths or Huns, The scientific slaughter of the Blood-and-Iron Teuton!—

A sight that Civilisation would right willingly be mute on. But these armour-plated dragons that infest the Yellow Sea Are worse than the Norse "Dragons" whose black raven flag flew free O'er fiord and ocean-furrow in the valorous Viking days. Heathen Chinese and Pagan Jap have learned our Western ways Of multitudinous bloodshed; every slaughtering appliance, Devices of death-dealing skill, and deviltries of Science Strengthen the stealthy Mongol and the sanguinary Turk; And Civilisation stands, and stares, and cries, "Is this my work?"

Mem. by a Muddled One.

"POEMS in Prose" seem all the go. They're bad enough, but worse The dreary hotch-potch we all know Too sadly;—prose in verse!

OLD THREE-VOL.

THERE rose two Book-Kings in the West, Two Kings both great and high; And they have sworn a solemn oath Good old Three-Vol. shall die.

They took a pen and wrote him down, Piled sins upon his head; And they have sworn a solemn oath Good old Three-Vol. is dead.

But when "the Season" comes once more, And folks for fiction call, Old Three-Vol. may rise up again, And sore surprise them all!

REMNANTS.

(A Pindaric Fragment.)

IN the young season's prime You remnant felt its major portion reft, And waited for the surplus time Ingloriously left.

For it no glories of the lawn, No whirling in the valse that greets the dawn, No record in the fleeting roll of fame That gives the wearer's name, And tells a waiting world what gown she wore;

While that which went before No cheaply-sober destiny has found But graced fair Fashion's ground, Where Pleasure, gaily deck'd, Within the fancied circle of select, Watches the Polo cavalry at war, The victim pigeons tumbled in their gore, The rival Blues at Lord's, the racing steeds On Ascot's piney meads, Or where luxuriant Goodwood's massy trees Murmur to no common breeze, And see afar the glint of England's summer seas.

Impute no fault, ye proud, nor grandeur mock, If frugal Elegance, discreet and fair, The aftermath of lavish Fashion reap, And, having waited long with nought to wear, Get the same goods, though late, and get them cheap. [look Next year the daintiest gowns by lawn and May haply be the fruit of surplus summer stock.

POPE FOR THE EMANCIPATED SEX.—"The understudy of mankind is woman."

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART VI.—ROUND PEGS IN SQUARE HOLES.

SCENE IX.—The Entrance Hall at Wycern.

Tredwell (to Lady CANTIRE). This way, if you please, my lady. Her ladyship is in the Hamber Boudwoire.

Lady Cantire. Wait. *(She looks round.)* What has become of that young Mr. ANDROM—? *(Perceiving SPURRELL, who has been modestly endeavouring to efface himself.)* Ah, there he is! Now, come along, and be presented to my sister-in-law. She'll be enchanted to know you!

Spurrell. But indeed, my lady I—I think I'd better wait till she sends for me.

Lady Cant. Wait? Fiddlesticks! What! A famous young man like you! Remember *Andromeda*, and don't make yourself so ridiculous!

Spurr. (miserably). Well, Lady CANTIRE, if her ladyship says anything, I hope you'll bear me out that it wasn't—

Lady Cant. Bear you out? My good young man, you seem to need somebody to bear you in! Come, you are under My wing. I answer for your welcome—so do as you're told.

Spurr. (to himself, as he follows resignedly). It's my belief there'll be a jolly row when I do go in; but it's not my fault!

Tred. (opening the door of the Amber Boudoir). Lady CANTIRE and Lady MAISIE MULL. *(To SPURRELL.)* What name, if you please, Sir?

Spurr. (dolefully). You can say "JAMES SPURRELL"—you needn't bellow it, you know!

Tred. (ignoring this suggestion). Mr. JAMES SPURRELL.

Spurr. (to himself, on the threshold). If I don't get the chuck for this, I shall be surprised, that's all! *[He enters.]*

SCENE X.—In a Fly.

Undershell (to himself). Alone with a lovely girl, who has no suspicion, as yet, that I am the poet whose songs have thrilled her with admiration! Could any situation be more romantic? I think I must keep up this little mystification as long as possible.

Phillipson (to herself). I wonder who he is. *Somebody's Man*, I suppose. I do believe he's struck with me. Well, I've no objection. I don't see why I shouldn't forget JIM now and then—he's quite forgotten me! *(Aloud.)* They might have sent a decent carriage for us instead of this ramshackle old summerhouse. We shall be *hours* getting to the house at this rate!

Und. (gallantly). For my part, I care not how long we may be. I feel so unspeakably content to be where I am.

Phill. (disdainfully). In this mouldy, lumbering old concern? You must be rather easily contented, then!

Und. (dreamily). It travels only too swiftly. To me it is a veritable enchanted car, drawn by a magic steed.

Phill. I don't know whether he's magic—but I'm sure he's lame. And I shouldn't call stuffiness *enchantment* myself.

Und. I'm not prepared to deny the stuffiness. But cannot you guess what has transformed this vehicle for me—in spite of its undeniable shortcomings—or must I speak more plainly still?

Phill. Well, considering the shortness of our acquaintance, I must say you've spoken quite plainly enough as it is!

Und. I know I must seem unduly expansive, and wanting in reserve; and yet that is not my true disposition. In general, I feel an almost fastidious shrinking from strangers—

Phill. (with a little laugh). Really, I shouldn't have thought it!

Und. Because, in the present case, I do not—I cannot—feel as if we were strangers. Some mysterious instinct led me, almost from the first, to associate you with a certain Miss MAISIE MULL.

Phill. Well, I wonder how you discovered that. Though you shouldn't have said "Miss"—Lady MAISIE MULL is the name.

Und. (to himself). Lady MAISIE MULL! I attach no meaning to titles—and yet nothing but rank could confer such perfect ease and distinction. *(Aloud.)* I should have said Lady MAISIE MULL, undoubtedly—forgive my ignorance. But at least I have divined you. Does nothing tell you who and what I may be?

Phill. Oh, I think I can give a tolerable guess at what you are.

Und. You recognise the stamp of the Muse upon me, then?

Phill. Well, I shouldn't have taken you for a groom exactly.

Und. (with some chagrin). You are really too flattering!

Phill. Am I? Then it's your turn now. You might say you'd never have taken me for a lady's maid!

Und. I might—if I had any desire to make an unnecessary and insulting remark.

Phill. Insulting? Why, it's what I am! I'm maid to Lady MAISIE. I thought your mysterious instinct told you all about it?

Und. (to himself—after the first shock). A lady's maid! Gracious Heaven! What have I been saying—or rather, what haven't I?

(Aloud.) To—to be sure it did. Of course, I quite understand that. *(To himself.)* Oh, confound it all, I wish we were at Wycern!

Phill. And, after all, you've never told me who you are. Who are you?

Und. (to himself). I must not humiliate this poor girl! *(Aloud.)* I? Oh—a very insignificant person, I assure you! *(To himself.)* This is an occasion in which deception is pardonable—even justifiable!

Phill. Oh, I knew that. But you let out just now you had to do with a Mews. You aren't a rough-rider, are you?

Und. N—not exactly not a rough-rider. *(To himself.)* Never on a horse in my life!—unless I count my *Pegasus*. *(Aloud.)* But you are right in supposing I am connected with a muse—in one sense.

Phill. I said so, didn't I? Don't you think it was rather clever of me to spot you, when you're not a bit horsey-looking?

Und. (with elaborate irony). Accept my compliments on a power of penetration which is simply phenomenal!

Phill. (giving him a little push). Oh, go along—it's all talk with you—I don't believe you mean a word you say!

Und. (to himself). She's becoming absolutely vulgar. *(Aloud.)* I don't—I don't; it's a manner I have; you mustn't attach any importance to it—none whatever!

Phill. What! Not to all those high-flown compliments? Do you mean to tell me you're only a gay deceiver, then?

Und. (in horror). Not a deceiver, no; and decidedly not gay. I mean I did mean the compliments, of course. *(To himself.)* I mustn't let her suspect anything, or she'll get talking about it; it would be too horrible if this were to get round to Lady MAISIE or the CULVERINS—so undignified; and it would ruin all my prestige! I've only to go on playing a part for a few minutes, and—maid or not—she's a most engaging girl!

[He goes on playing the part, with the unexpected result of sending Miss PHILLIPSON into fits of uncontrollable laughter.]

SCENE XI.—The Back Entrance at Wycern. The Fly has just set down PHILLIPSON and UNDERSHELL.

Tredwell (receiving PHILLIPSON). Lady MAISIE's maid, I presume? I'm the butler here—Mr. TREDWELL. Your ladies arrived some time back. I'll take you to the house-keeper, who'll show you their rooms, and where yours is, and I hope you'll find everything comfortable. *(In an undertone, indicating UNDERSHELL, who is awaiting recognition in the doorway.)* Do you happen to know who it is with you?

Phillipson (in a whisper). I can't quite make him out—he's so flighty in his talk. But he says he belongs to some Mews or other.

Tred. Oh, then I know who he is. We expect him right enough. He's a partner in a crack firm of Vets. We've sent for him special. I'd better see to him, if you don't mind finding your own way to the Housekeeper's Room, second door to the left, down that corridor. *(PHILLIPSON departs.)* Good morning to you, Mr.—ah—Mr.—?

Undershell (coming forward). Mr. UNDERSHELL. Lady CULVERIN expects me, I believe.

Tred. Quite correct, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir. She do. Leastwise, I shouldn't say myself she'd require to see you—well, not before to-morrow morning—but you won't mind that, I daresay.

Und. (choking). Not mind that! Take me to her at once!

Tred. Couldn't take it on myself, Sir, really. There's no particular hurry. I'll let her ladyship know you're 'ere; and if she wants you, she'll send for you; but, with a party staying in the



"What name, if you please, Sir?"

'ouse, and others dining with us to-night, it ain't likely as she'll have time for you till to-morrow.

Und. Oh then, whenever her ladyship should find leisure to recollect my existence, will you have the goodness to inform her that I have taken the liberty of returning to town by the next train?

Tred. Lor! Mr. UNDERSHELL, you aren't so pressed as all that, are you? I know my lady wouldn't like you to go without seeing you personally; no more wouldn't Sir RUPERT. And I understood you was coming down for the Sunday!

Und. (furious). So did I—but not to be treated like this!

Tred. (soothingly). Why, you know what ladies are. And you couldn't see Deerfoot—not properly, to-night, either.

Und. I have seen enough of this place already. I intend to go back by the next train, I tell you.

Tred. But there ain't any next train up to-night—being a loop line—not to mention that I've sent the fly away, and they can't spare no one at the stables to drive you in. Come Sir, make the best of it. I've had my borders to see that you're made comfortable, and Mrs. POMFRET and me will expect the pleasure of your company at supper in the 'ousekeeper's room, 9.30 sharp. I'll send the Steward's Room Boy to show you to your room.

[He goes, leaving UNDERSHELL speechless.]

Und. (almost foaming). The insolence of these cursed aristocrats! Lady CULVERIN will see me when she has time, forsooth! I am to be entertained in the servants' hall! This is how our upper classes honour poetry! I won't stay a single hour under their infernal roof. I'll walk. But where to? And how about my luggage?

[PHILLIPSON returns.]

Phill. Mr. TREDWELL says you want to go already! It can't be true! Without even waiting for supper?

Und. (gloomily). Why should I wait for supper in this house?

Phill. Well, I shall be there; I don't know if that's any inducement.

[She looks down.]

Und. (to himself). She is a singularly bewitching creature; and I'm starving. Why shouldn't I stay—if only to shame these CULVERINS? It will be an experience—a study in life. I can always go afterwards. I will stay. (Aloud.) You little know the sacrifice you ask of me, but enough; I give way. We shall meet—(with a gulp)—in the housekeeper's room!

Phill. (highly amused). You are a comical little man. You'll be the death of me if you go on like that!

[She sits away.]

Und. (alone). I feel disposed to be the death of somebody! Oh, Lady MAISIE MULL, to what a bathos have you lured your poet by your artless flattery—a banquet with your aunt's butler!

A BETTING MAN ON CRICKET.

CRICKET may be a game, but I can't call it sport,

For "the odds" at it aren't to be reckoned.

There the last's often first ere you come into port,

While the first is quite frequently second.

There was Surrey, you see, slap a-top o' the tree,

While Sussex was bang at the bottom.

But, thanks to the in-and-out form of the three,

You never know when you have got 'em!

For when I backed Surrey with cheerful content,

Why Kent walloped Surrey, and Sussex whopped Kent!!!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THERE are, methinks," quoth the Baron, "two or three novels—one certainly I can call to mind—wherein the interior domestic life of Jews strict in the observance of their ancient and most touching religious rites and ceremonies is more amply, as well as more minutely, described than in Mr. FARJEON's *Aaron the Jew*, which, be it my pleasing duty to testify, is one of the best of this prolific author's works; a simple, touching story, the interest being well kept up, as of course the "interest" should be when dealing with the true history of one who commenced as a pawnbroker." As to the rites above mentioned, no special or intimate personal experience is shown to be possessed by the author, who could very easily have obtained his materials from an interesting work entitled, as I fancy, *The Jew at Home*, which has, the Baron regrets to say, disappeared from its shelf in the Baron's library. *Aaron* is lively, is gay, is witty, a "*Jew d'esprit*," and, like Mr. *Peter Magnus*, he amuses a small circle of intimate friends; but his story, and that of his sweet wife *Rachel*, as related by Mr. FARJEON, will increase this friendly circle to a very considerable extent. The Baron ventures to think that a good deal of the dialogue and of the descriptive writing is unnecessary,—but Mr. FARJEON likes to give everyone plenty for their money,—and, further, that the story would have gained by the loss of what would have reduced the three volumes to two. But altogether, the novel is "recommended" by the interested but disinterested

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



ARTFUL.

Mamma (to Johnny, who has been given a Pear with Pills artfully concealed in it). "WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR PEAR?"
Johnny. "YES, MAMMA, ALL BUT THE SEEDS!"

A VOTE OF THANKS.

By a Hard-up Journalist.

[A strange light has appeared on that part of the surface of Mars not illuminated by the sun. The *Westminster Gazette* of August 2 asks the question, "Is Mars signalling to us?"]

OH, men of Mars, we thank you, your behaviour's really kind!

(Forgive us if you've lately slipped somewhat out of mind!)

For now the silly season's set in with all its "rot."

You once more raise the question whether you exist or not.

No doubt the good old topics will trot out yet again:—

"Is Flirting on the Increase?" "Is Marriage on the Wane?"

Big gooseberries as usual with sea-serpents will compete,

To help the British Press-man his columns to complete!

But you, my merry Martians, have opportunely planned

A mild but new sensation for the holidays at hand;

Your planet's "terminator," it seems, is now ablaze—

'Tis, say the cognoscenti, a signal that you raise!

What is it that you're shewing terrestrial telescopes?

Is't pills you're advertising, or booming patent soaps?

How on earth can one discover what by this beacon's meant,

Whether news of Royal Weddings or Railway Strikes is sent?

Alas! We haven't mastered the transplanetic code;

Your canals are yet a riddle, in vain your fires have glowed!

Still, do not let your efforts each August-tide abate—

You furnish us with "copy," which maintains the Fourth Estate!

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO Bournemouth.—The Royal Bath Hotel announces "Private Suites." Is "General Bitters" there also?

EDUCATIONAL MOTTO. (For Mr. Acland's use.)—"A place for every child, and every child in its place."



ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

He. "OH, YOU'RE FROM AMERICA, ARE YOU? PEOPLE OFTEN SAY TO ME, 'DON'T YOU DISLIKE AMERICANS?' BUT I ALWAYS SAY 'I BELIEVE THERE ARE SOME VERY NICE ONES AMONG THEM.'"

She. "AH, I DARE SAY THERE MAY BE TWO OR THREE NICE PEOPLE AMONGST SIXTY MILLIONS!"

"MOWING THEM DOWN!"

[*"He (Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT) confessed that he was not enamoured of these exceptional measures, and he resorted to them with extreme regret. But if he were asked for a justification of this motion, he would refer hon. gentlemen to the Order Book of the House of Commons."*]

Gunner HARCOURT, loquitor:—

EXCEPTIONAL measures I hate,
I'd rather not always be battling;
The good old "Brown Bess" I prefer, I
confess,
To a new (Parliamentary) Gatling.

To fight in the old-fashioned way,
Good temperedly, fairly, politely,
Is more to my mind; but these fellows, I find,
Will not let a leader be knightly.

If BALFOUR would only fight fair;
And impose that condition on BARTLEY;
If JOE would not ravage and shriek like a
savage;

Did TOMMY talk less, and less tartly;
Were GOSCHEN less eager for scalps,
And kept a tight rein upon HANBURY;
Why then 'twere all right; we'd soon get
through our fight
And hatred in love's flowing can bury.

But no, they're like Soudanese blacks,
All fury and wild ugly rushes.
They shriek and they shock, and they hack
and they hook,
Till chivalry shudders and blushes.
And so the machine-gun, I find,
Is just the one thing *will* arrest 'em.
They've quite lost their head, but a fair rain
of lead
Played on them will try 'em and test 'em!

Whir-r-r-r! GEORGE! how it's mowing
them down,
Their Advance-guard,—"Amendments"
they dub them!
They swarm thick and thicker. The handle
turns quicker!
'Tis dreadful; but then we *must* drub them.
As COURTNEY so gallantly said,
'Tis "deplorable"; troubles me sorely.
But if ARTHUR and JOE *won't* make terms,
why, you know,
They really can't blame me and MORLEY!

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

II.—THE LINKS OF LOVE.

My heart is like a driver-club,
That heaves the pellet hard and straight,
That carries every let and rub,
The whole performance really great;
My heart is like a bulger-head,
That whiffles on the wily tee,—
Because my love distinctly said
She'd halve the round of life with me.

My heart is also like a cleek,
Resembling most the mashie sort,
That spans the object, so to speak,
Across the sandy bar to port;
And hers is like a putting-green,
The haven where I boast to be,
For she assures me she is keen
To halve the round of life with me.

Some wear their hearts upon their sleeve,
And others lose 'em on the links;
(This play of words is, by your leave,
Rather original, one thinks;)
Therefore my heart is like to some
Lost ball that nestles on the lee,
Because my love has kindly come
To halve the round of life with me.

Raise me a bunker, if you can,
That beetles o'er a deadly ditch,
Where any but the bogey-man
Is practically bound to pitch;
Plant me beneath a hedge of thorn,
Or up a figurative tree,
What matter, when my love has sworn
To halve the round of life with me?

THE YELLOW AGE.

THE poets sing of a Golden Age.
Are we trying to start its fellow?
The *Yellow Aster* is all the rage;
The *Yellow Races* in war engage;
The *Primrose League* wild war doth wage,
And the much-boomed *Book* in cover and page
Like the Age itself is—Yellow.
Well, *Yellow's* the tint of Gold—and Brass!
Of the *Golden Calf*—and the *Golden Ass*!
Of the "livery" face and the faded leaf,
But 'tis tedious, very, beyond belief.
I own I am little inclined to smile
On the colour of age, decay, and bile
And mustard, and *Othello*;
I'm tired, I own, of it's very look,
And I feel compelled to cook a snook
At the *Yellow Primrose*, the *Yellow Book*.
Though an Age indeed
That runs to seed
Is like to run to *Yellow*!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 11, 1894.



“MOWING THEM DOWN!”

GUNNER H-B-C-ET. “NOT MANY OF ‘EM LEFT NOW!”

8
mon
of
not
Per
get
Jon
W
oth
Pe
"S
ba
ab
pa
the
pl
po
an
go
ba
me
So
K
St
tw
ra
a
fo
pe
w
th



EARLY LOGIC.

Little Girl (of inquiring mind, to Stud Groom, looking at a Mare in field with Foal). "How old is that little horse?"
Stud Groom. "Well, MISSY, HE'S ONLY FIVE DAYS OLD."
Little Girl (to her Governess). "Oh, NANA, DID I RUN ABOUT THE FIELDS WHEN I WAS FIVE DAYS OLD?"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Sunday.—How exhausting is London life! Up late, night and morning. Club. See summer number of illustrated paper. Pictures of pretty girls, reclining in punts, hammocks, or deck-chairs, doing nothing, men helping them. True holiday for jaded Londoner. Perhaps better without pretty girls. Even more reposeful. Must get right away. Secluded place. No pretty girls. That tiny inn JONES told me about. Miles from everywhere.

Monday.—At Tiny Inn. Fine afternoon. Feel quite happy. With summer clothes, summer numbers, flannels, straw hat, and other suitable things. Seven miles from station. Beautifully clean. Perfectly quiet. Weather changing. Raining. Landlord says, "Soon over." Eggs and bacon for supper. To bed early.

Tuesday.—Wake at five. Up at six to enjoy morning air. Eggs and bacon for breakfast. Still raining. Landlord says, "Very remarkable, since in this place it never rains." Somehow the clouds always pass over neighbouring village, following the course of the river, the ridge of the hills, or something. Have noticed in all country places that the clouds always do this, except when I am there. Impossible to lounge under a tree in this rain. Stop indoors, smoke, and read summer numbers. Eggs and bacon for lunch. Rain going on steadily. Put on flannels, go out. Drenched. Eggs and bacon for dinner. Landlord says they hope to give me some meat to-morrow. Butcher calls once a week apparently. Wet evening. Somewhat tired of sitting on horsehair sofa with damaged springs. Know all the summer numbers by heart. To bed at ten.

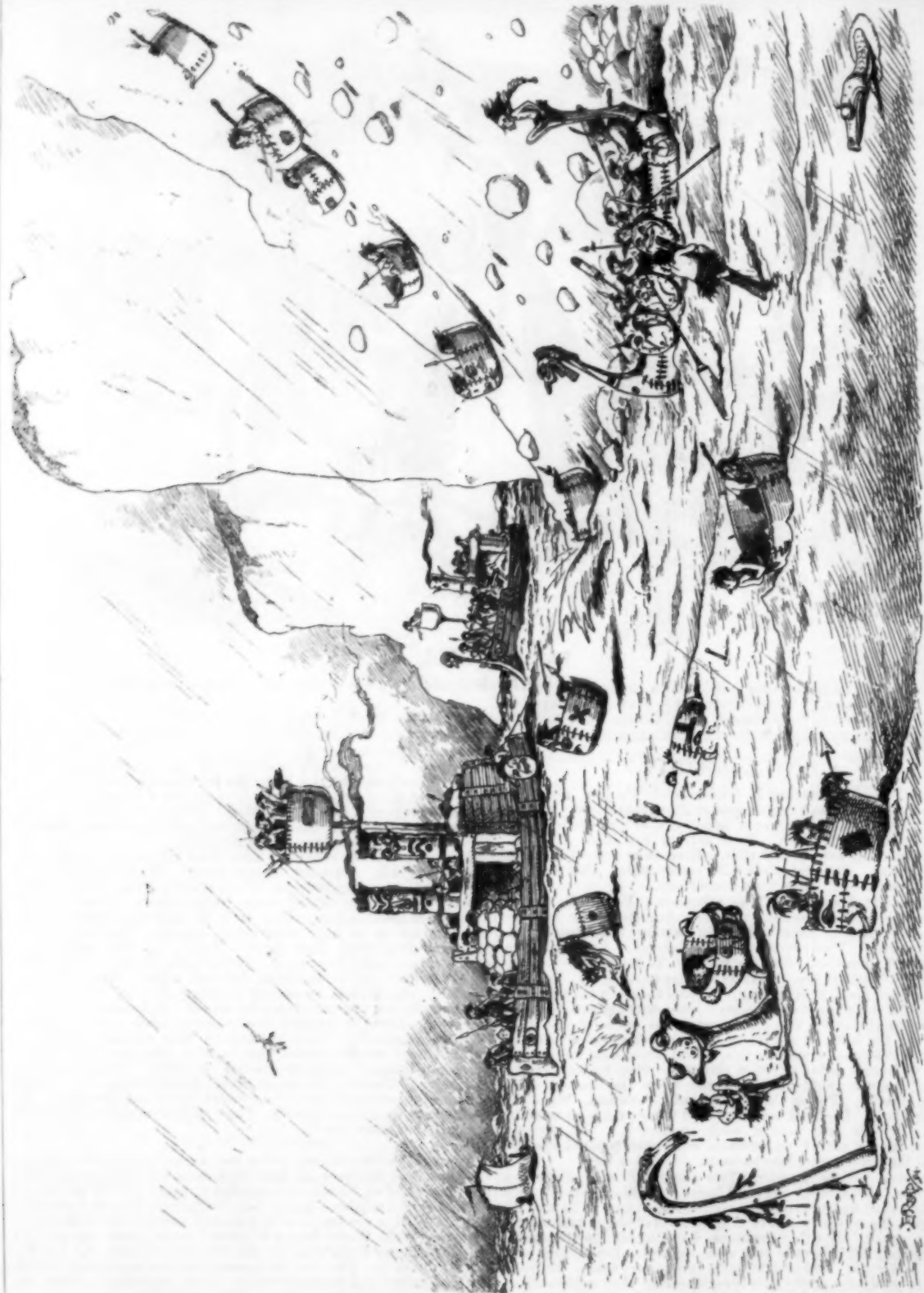
Wednesday.—Wake at four. Toss about till six. Then up. Still raining. Breakfast,—eggs and bacon. Landlord says if I cross two fields I shall find the river and a punt. Thanks. Will wait till rain stops. He says it is sure to stop soon. Ask him if one can get a London paper. Says they sometimes have one at the stationer's, four miles off, but generally only when ordered. Lends me a local paper of last week. Reduced to summer numbers again. Begin to wish there were some pretty girls here, after all. They might enliven things. After lunch,—of eggs and bacon,—resolve to go out. Ask

landlord where one can go. Don't like to ask "if any girls about anywhere?" Accidentally landlord *does* happen to mention Farmer MUGGERIDGE's daughters. I pretend indifference, but inquire as to direction of MUGGERIDGE's farm. Lose my way. Wander helplessly. Steady downpour. Return, drenched. Butcher has not been. Eggs and bacon for dinner. Smoke, and read advertisements—plenty of them—in summer numbers. To bed at nine.

Thursday.—Wake at three. Toss about till seven. Then breakfast—usual dish. Rain not quite so heavy. With fuller directions as to road, start hopefully for MUGGERIDGE's farm. Arrive there. Heavy rain again. MUGGERIDGE loafing about. Country people always loaf about in rain. They seem to enjoy it. Chat with him. He asks me in to have some cider. Accept. Chance of seeing charming daughters. They enter! Now! . . . Oh! awful! . . . Cider acid. Obligated to drink it. Hurry back. Lunch. Usual dish. Still raining. Call in landlord, and ask eagerly about trains to London. The next is to-morrow morning, at 8.20. Give way to despair. Refuse eggs and bacon for dinner. Bed eight.

Friday.—Leave in landlord's cart at seven, after usual breakfast. Still raining steadily. Gave landlord all those summer numbers to amuse future weather-bound visitors with imaginary pictures of rural happiness. London once more! Hurrah! Dinner—not eggs and bacon. Theatre. Smoke at club. Avoid JONES. Tell SMITH I know the sweetest place for country peace and seclusion. He writes down the address eagerly. Those summer numbers will amuse him. To bed—any time!

AT THE WINDOW.—Judging from the tone of JAMES PAYN's delightful *Note-Book* this week, one fears that charming and cheery gossip has been "laid up," has been compelled to take his "Notes" from a sick-couch at a window—has, in fact, for the time, become a window-PAYN! Well, a window is no bad coign of vantage for an observant penman. "The World from a Window" would make an excellent book, and JAMES PAYN would be the very man to write it. Let Mr. PAYN think of it. Mr. *Punch's* present purpose, however, is to wish his good friend and favourite writer speedy emancipation from the bonds of sickness and compulsory window-watching.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES AFFORDED MUCH PLEASURABLE EXCITEMENT TO THOSE CONCERNED !

SATURDAY POPS.

NEW SERIES.

"RUSTICUS," who is clearly "RUSTICUS EXPECTANS," was moved to write to the *Chronicle* on July 31st, to say that, though not a rich man, he lives in a pretty Surrey village within an eightpenny return railway fare of the City; and has a fairly large and quiet garden, with field, &c. "The trees are all at their finest," he proceeds, "the flowers looking very gay and walking in the garden." Capital fun this, when flowers actually walk about. But no! it's "walking in the garden to-day the thought came to me," so it's a walking thought, comparable, doubtless, to a running commentary. Anyhow, "RUSTICUS" is moved—by the thought of a "tired working-man or band of City workers" who would find in his garden pleasure on a quiet Saturday afternoon—to make an offer. Here are his words:—

"I am a bachelor, therefore I say, men, you are welcome to my very simple hospitality if it is of any use to you. I can do with a limited number every or any Saturday. Any creed or class is welcome. All I stipulate for is honest souls. Come and smoke and talk under the trees and spend a quiet time away from the town. I simply condition—no publicity or fuss, the giving and acceptance of the invitation quietly, honestly, brother to brother. Would you, Sir, forward any letters on to me?"

This is of course an example which will be followed, and Mr. Punch has already had



A TOWN MOUSE.

Jones, "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?"
London Boy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before), "I'M THINKIN' IT'S TIME YER MOTHER PUT YER INTO TROUSERS!"

the following letter (amongst others), which he now prints with pleasure.

SIR,—Owing to the Death Duties, I am no longer a rich man, but I have a little house in Piccadilly, not more than a twopenny 'bus ride from Charing Cross. It has occurred to me that some hungry working-man might like to drop in to a quiet little dinner some night. I am a Duke, therefore I say, comrades in depression, you are welcome to my roof, if it's of any use to you. I can dine a hundred or so of you any or every night. All I stipulate for is that there shall be no speaking, for speaking bores me horribly.

D-V-NSH-EE.

LOWERED!

RATES, rates, rates,
Of an exigent L. C. C. !
And I'm glad they can't hear
the language
We utter so frequently!
O well for the excellent Chair-
man [bit !
For trying to reduce them a
O well for those Councillors
wary [ments] sit !
Who on costly "improve-
And "demand-notes" still go
on, [bled ;
And our pockets are steadily
But "O (we oft sigh) for a
tenpenny rate,
And the sins of a 'Board'
that is dead !"
Rates, rates, rates !
Thanks, men of the L. C. C. !
We trust the farthing now
taken off
Will never go back to ye !

"AFTER THE HEALTH CONGRESS IS OVER."

SCENE—A Ball Room at the Mansion House.

He (resting). Good floor, isn't it?

She. Quite. But tell me, have you been attending the Congress?

He. Of course; that is why I received an invitation to-night.

She. And you found the lectures and all that most interesting?

He. Yes, very; and then there were the Opera and the theatres in the evening.

She. But do let us talk about the Congress. Did you not discuss sanitation?

He. Discussed it very much indeed. So fortunate too that we had the meeting before everybody had left town.

She. Yes. But did you not inquire into microbes and all that?

He. Certainly; had a lot of talk about them, and finished them all up just in time not to interfere with Goodwood.

She. And I suppose you found out the way to keep everyone in perfect health?

He. That was the idea, and yet we floored Lords and the Oval.

She. But oughtn't every town to be in a satisfactory condition?

He. Why, yes. But that depends upon the season of the year. Of course, some places are deadly dull when nothing's going on from a social point of view.

She. I mean from a health point of view—oughtn't everything nowadays to be simply excellent?

He. Yes, of course. That's the modern theory.

She. And yet, according to the papers, London is full of fever and insanity.

He. I daresay; the Press men generally get their figures right.

She. But if, theoretically, everything is right, why should most things be practically wrong?

He. You must really ask me another.

She. But you are strong upon health, are you not?

He. Very—in the lecture-room. And now, if you are rested, we will have another turn. [Exeunt dancing.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 30.—Having settled Budget Bill, and, incidentally, brought CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to Death's Door by observations on Death Duties, TOMMY BOWLES has time to turn his attention to another social question. Looks as if he were going to take the Bicycle Fiend by the scruff of the neck. Herein he has opportunity of deepening and enlarging his hold on affection and esteem of British public. Bicycle Fiend has increased, is increasing, and, at least, ought to be registered. He comes upon the hapless rider or pedestrian in quiet country lanes, brushing him aside as if the earth were the Fiend's and all the highways thereof. Bad enough in the country, where there is room to get out of the way. In crowded streets of metropolis, Fiend pounces round unsuspected corners upon elderly gentlemen, scattering streams of peaceful passengers at peremptory sound of fearsome bell.

TOMMY B. got his eye on him. Not without suspicion that this new departure has something to do with old, now closed, campaign against the Budget. TOMMY warned the SQUIRE whilst in Committee that his Death Duties would not reap the full harvest anticipated. Every little helps. What with actual concussions and sudden frights, Bicycle Fiend leads in course of financial year to considerable succession of property changing on sudden death, with concurrent toll paid to Treasury. If the Bicycle Fiend can only be placed on same footing as the common carrier, or the harried hansom-cab driver, the death-rate would appreciably decrease, and with it the flow of legacy and succession duties. TOMMY may or may not look thus far ahead. No matter, if he only succeeds in restraining a nuisance that is a disgrace to a civilised community.

The Member for SARK tells me he has a Short Way with the B. F., which makes him to considerable extent indifferent to slower action of HOME SECRETARY, who has evidently never had his shins barked by this agency. SARK says when he takes his walks abroad he usually carries a stick or umbrella. When, crossing a road, he hears the tinkle of the Fiend's bell, insolently and imperatively ordering

him out of the way on pain of being run over, he, instead of flying for his life, as is the use of the ordinary citizen, carelessly throws stick or umbrella lance-wise across hollow of right or left arm, according as the Fiend approaches from one direction or the other. Thus armed he leisurely pursues his way. If the Fiend continues on the track, he will run with face or chest on to the point of the umbrella. As that would be inconvenient to him, he slows up or goes on another tack, and when he arrives home writes a letter to the *Bicycling Blister*, indignantly denouncing a street passenger who wouldn't get out of his way.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee.

Tuesday.—"PRINCE ARTHUR," said SARK, looking across at the Front Opposition Bench whilst COURTNEY was speaking, "succeeds in hiding all traces of storm behind a smiling countenance. JOSEPH, on the contrary, more ingenuous, less acute in practice of worldly wiles, enables one to realise, even at this long distance of time, what BALAK, the son of ZIPPOK, King of Moab, looked like when he stood in the high places of Baal, and listened to BALAAM's remarks on the motion for the time-closure to be applied to the Children of Israel, who had pitched their tents in the plains of Moab beyond the Jordan at Jericho, and declined to budge at the bidding of BALAK."

Appearance of Parliamentary BALAAM on scene dramatically effective. Crowded House worked up to highest pitch of excitement by swift encounter, in which JOHN MORLEY had followed PRINCE ARTHUR, and JOSEPH, springing in from behind, had clouted the CHIEF SECRETARY on the head. The SQUIRE had moved time-closure on Evicted Tenants Bill in speech the studied tameness and provoking brevity of which had riled Opposition much more than if he had belaboured them with Harcourtian phrase. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE said a few words, preparatory to packing up for holiday; then COURTNEY rose from JOSEPH's side to continue debate. Members, taking it for granted that he, possibly with some reservations in favour of Eviction Bill whose second reading he had supported, was about to say ditto to JOSEPH on question of Closure, began to move towards door. Arrested by COURTNEY's solemn tone, and his expression of regret, evidently unfeigned, at deplorable condition in which the House found itself. "Woe to those through whom offences come!" cried COURTNEY in voice which, as he said, was of one crying in the wilderness, and seemed for its perfect effect to lack only hirsute garb, stave and honeypot. "Through whom did the offence come? Surely," continued the Prophet, bending shaggy eyebrows upon the bench where the Busy B's hive, "the offence lies with those Members who, disregarding the true uses, functions, duties, and high mission of the House, abuse their powers, intent to destroy possibility of the right conduct of public business."

Not Ministers, then, with the SQUIRE at their head, responsible for the deadlock, as PRINCE ARTHUR had painted the scene, and as JOSEPH had touched it up with stronger colour. It was the Busy Bees. They and "a junta of irresponsible landlords enforcing their will upon those who ought to resist them."

O BALAAM! BALAAM! M.P. for Bodmin. Was it for this JOSEPH led thee into the field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah? For this did PRINCE ARTHUR build seven altars, and offer up the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD on every one of them? Long time since such a scene was wrought in the House. SAUNDERSON pished and pehawed, and looked anxiously round for LOGAN. BARTLEY blushed; HANBURY was hushed; and a tear trickled down the pale cheek of TOMMY BOWLES—Cap'en no longer, disarmed and denounced.

Business done.—Time-Closure resolution carried.

Thursday.—Such larks! Yesterday time-closure came into operation in connection with Evicted Tenants Bill. Arranged that if debate on Clause I. not finished by eleven o'clock to-night, all Amendments remaining on paper shall be submitted to vote without further debate. Obstruction scotched; wriggles helplessly, like eel in muddy depths of river, smitten by the spear.



THE CARSON BANSHEE.

John Morley. "You see it's all right, my little man. I told you you needn't be frightened of him. It was only his vapour. We're through the Commons now! Come along, and I'll leave you at the door of the Lords'. See how you get on there!"

"Shan't play," whimper PRINCE ARTHUR and JOSEPH, mingling their tears at this fresh evidence of tyranny, this last illustration of man's inhumanity to man.

Strike ordered in Unionist lines. Men throw down the pick; hand in the shovel and the hoe; put on their coats; hang about corners of Lobby in approved strike fashion. If HANBURY and the Blameless BARTLEY could only be induced to stick short clay pipe in side of mouth (bowl downwards), fasten a leather strap outside their trousers just below the knee, and drink four-half out of pewters at bar in the Lobby, scene would be complete.

Strike only partial. Fully one half the men refuse to go out; stand by the masters, turning deaf ear to blandishments and threats of pickets outside. Strange thing is that, working at half strength, output more than doubled. Time-closure, with all hands at work, proposed to complete Committee by eleven o'clock next Tuesday night. At ten minutes past six this afternoon the whole thing through. Not hurried either. Thoroughly debated, divided on, and Bill, in more than one instance, amended.

"Fact is," said the SQUIRE, beaming with chastened delight at turn events taken, "we are over-manned just as London is over-cabbed. Must see if something can't be done to reduce numbers by refusing licenses for fresh elections when vacancies occur."

Business done.—Evicted Tenants Bill through Committee. Building Societies Bill far advanced.

Friday.—Back in the mud again. Strike operative only when Evicted Tenants Bill under consideration. That standing over now for Report Stage. Meanwhile take up again Equalisation of Rates Bill. Men on strike stream in, tired of "playing." Wonderful their eagerness to get to work again, their keen delight in sound of their own voices, so strangely intermitted. BARTLEY, KIMBER, FISHER, JOKIM, and the WOOLWICH INFANT all here again, with WEBSTER (of St. Pancras) wobbling all over the place, like a hen that has laid an egg somewhere and can't for the life of her just at the minute think where she left it.

Business done.—Hardly any. As BARTLEY says, "must make up for lost time when yesterday and day before work advanced by leaps and bounds."

CRYPTOGRAMMATIST WANTED.—After a plain matter-of-fact paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, stating that "Lord GREVILLE leaves town to-day for Harrogate" (to undergo the "tonic sul-phur" cure, of course, i.e., of water-course), there appeared this mysterious announcement, "Lord ROWTON leaves London to-day for some weeks." Now where is "some weeks"? Of course as his Lordship has quitted town for "some weeks," he evidently prefers "some weeks," wherever it is, to London. And that is all we know at present. Strange disappearance. Weird.

THE COSTLY KNIGHT.—There are pictures on almost all the hoardings, in the suburbs especially, of the celebrated Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER. This chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche" is so busy a man that in the best sense of the term he may well be considered as the type of an honest "Chevalier d'Industrie."

QUERY.—"The Lancashire Rubber Company"—is this something new in the way of Massage? or is it a Company got up for the express purpose of supplying Society with Whist-players?

THE LATEST MADE OF HONOUR AT RICHMOND.—Sir JAMES W. SELUMPER, Knight.

OF ALL DEALERS.
Martell's
"Three Star"
Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

"C. O. M."
CURIOUS OLD MALT.
The finest type of DUBLIN WHISKY obtainable. Over 50 years' established reputation. Cases of 1 doz. bottles free to all Railway Stations on receipt of 50s.
ANDREWS & CO.,
DAME ST., DUBLIN.
Sole Proprietors of the C. O. M. Brand.
London Office—
12, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.



ROPER
FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.



KEERING'S GOLD MEDAL
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur

GOLD PENS
from 4s. each.

GOLD PENS
THE ONLY PERFECT DIPPING PEN.
GOLD PENS
GOLD AND IRIDIUM POINTED.
GOLD PENS
SUITABLE FOR ANY HOLDER.
GOLD PENS
EVERLASTING IN WEAR.
GOLD PENS
IMPROVES THE HANDWRITING.
GOLD PENS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR WRITER'S CRAMP.
GOLD PENS
SECURES REGULARITY OF WRITING.
GOLD PENS
MADE TO SUIT EVERY HAND AND STYLE.
CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.
MAHE, TODD, & BIRD, Manufacturers of Gold Pens and "Globe" Fountain Pens, 50, CECILIA STREET, LONDON, E.C. and 50, ROBERT STREET, W. (Piccadilly End). (Established 1843.)

Adresse de M. SUEZ, 1, Rue de Procy, PARIS
EAU de SUEZ
VACCINE for the MOUTH
Strengthens the Gums
Perfumes the Breath
The only Dentifrice securing
BEAUTIFUL TEETH
VINAIGRE LACTÉ DE SUEZ
POUR LA TOILETTE
POUR LE BAIN
DENTIFRICES DE SUEZ
London Agents: WILCOX & CO., 219, Oxford Street.

CASCARA-HAWLEY
Tasteful Laxative, for Ladies, Children, &c., 1s. 1½d. and 4s. 6d. CURES CONSTIPATION.
Savours Cuban Cigarettes, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Succress's Sandoz Oil Capsules, 4s. 6d.

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Of Highest Quality, and Having
Greatest Durability, are Therefore
PENS
CHEAPEST.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGES, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.
TAMAR
FOR
INDIEN
GRILLON.
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.
London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS. 2s. 6d. A BOX.

Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman's
"INCOMPARABLE
SMELLING SALTS."
AS SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN.

The Perfume is Specially Distilled for these Salts. Invaluable in Hot Assemblies. Always Refreshing. Of Great Value in the Sick Room.
The Best Companion at Church, Chapel, Ball, Theatre, or any heated assembly. Sold in Bottles by all Chemists and Stores, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d., or post free (for Stamp) from Sole Manufacturers,
OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN,
Sole Proprietors of Glycerine & Honey Jelly, &c., &c.
19, GULF STREET, KENT STREET, W.

Foreign Medicines
Toilet Articles &
Robertson's
Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris
Keep at their London House
76, New Bond St. W.
French & Foreign Medicines &c

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
PATENT SUSTAINMENT PIANOS.
Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
18, 20, and 22, WIMBORNE STREET, LONDON, W.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.



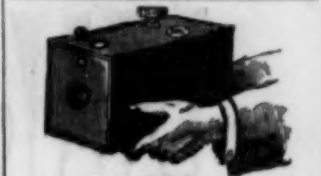
Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in the smoking condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers', Stores, &c., and take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.
The Genuine bears the Trade-Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets and Tins only, containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "Review of Reviews," Nov., 1893, is of interest to every smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who had just from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review as regards the scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances. But, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

Table
IN
BOTTLES,
Schweppe's
Waters
EFFLATS,
AND
SYPHONS

Continue to be supplied to
Her Majesty the Queen.
CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS IF
ORDERED THROUGH ONE OF THE AGENTS
OF THE COMPANY.



THE
KODAK

These famous hand or tripod cameras, whilst embodying the most advanced ideas in camera construction, are the simplest and most compact Photographic instruments made.

Equally suitable for boy or girl, novice in photography, or photographic expert.

From 1 to 100 pictures can be made without recharge.

Strongly recommended by travellers in all parts of the globe.

Prices from £1:6:0 to £22:1:0.
Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Manufactured solely by
EASTMAN
Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,
115-117 OXFORD ST., LONDON.

PARIS: 4 Place Vendôme.

SUPREME!

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS'
(LTD.)

CARAMELS

("Milk," "Cream," and "British Standard" Brands)

ARE UNRIVALLED.

ALL UP-TO-DATE CONFECTIONERS SELL THEM.

RIMMEL'S
TOILET
VINEGAR
Has for over HALF A CENTURY sustained the HIGH REPUTATION as an INDISPENSABLE TOILET REQUISITE. Delightfully Cooling to the Skin. Beautifies the Complexion. (Just out) "MERRILL" and "BLUSH" VINEGARS. New and unrivalled Perfumes for the handkerchief. London and Paris. Sold Everywhere. Caution.—Note name and trade mark on all goods.

IMPROVING IN THE BLOOD.—We have seen hosts of letters from people who have received great benefit from the use of Clarke's Blood Mixture. It cannot be too highly estimated, for it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities. This is a good testimonial from the Family Doctor, which goes on further to say: "It is the finest Blood Purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally." For Scrofula, Eczema, Red Legs, Hives and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, the effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials. Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations or substitutes.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN
ON
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

London Medical Record.

FOOD FOR INFANTS

BENGER'S

Benger's Food is sold At 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, and 10/-, by all Chemists, &c.

GOLD MEDAL
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH
EXHIBITION, LONDON.

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

DISINFECT AT ONCE

WITH

LEAL

NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANT.

And defend your Home against the violence of the dread Epidemics of SMALL-POX, DIPHTHERIA, CHOLERA, FEVERS, and other INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

LEAL is so cheap that in every household, school, institute, and business establishment, sinks, traps, &c., drains, gutters, and all sources of offensive odours, can be flushed at fractional cost, a 2s. 6d. bottle (which is a handy size for family use) making 20 gallons of powerful germ-destroying, reliable disinfectant.

LEAL Non-poisonous Disinfectant is sold in bottles at 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s., 6d.; also in gallon tins, at 10s. A sample bottle or tin sent carriage paid, in the United Kingdom, for postal order. The Leal Rules for disinfection will be sent free by the Sole Manufacturers—NEWTON, CHAMBERLAIN & CO., Ltd., THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD.

ECZEMA

With all its Terrible Irritation and Horrible Disfigurement cured by

HOMOCEA

which Touches

THE SPOT

at Once.

The Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER, 35, Park Road East, Birkenhead, writes:—"I have great pleasure in complying with your request, and in putting in writing what I have already said by word of mouth. I was much inconvenienced by a very irritating species of Eczema. Several remedies that I have tried failed to give me more than a very temporary relief. I finally tried Homocœa, with happiest results. The relief was almost instantaneous, and, what is more to the point, the soothing effect remained, and a complete cure resulted.—Yours truly,

"J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER."

"Homocœa" is sold by most Chemists at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or sent free by post for 1s. 11d. or 2s. 6d. P.O. preferred, from the "Homocœa" Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, (Reaper, Chemist, 45, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C., sells it.)

C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Pears' Soap



"Matchless for the hands and complexion."

Helena Potts

MAKES the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as velvet.

"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."

Medical Annual.

Cadbury's
cocoa

"The typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst.